THE New Republic

Tito Talks Back To Khrushchev

An Editorial

Pages 3-4

Finding Safety in Danger

By LOUIS J. HALLE

NATO and North Africa . . . . . *Curtis Cate*

The Good Soldier Schweik . . . . *Robert Evett*

Lincoln-Douglas Debates . . . . . *Richard Strout*

Cleveland's Art Angel . . . . . *Frank Getlein*

An Essay by Robert E. Fitch

THE COLD EYE OF MARY McCARTHY

MAY 5, 1958

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Washington Wire

A Word, A Smile

THE COUNTRY learns the physical strain on the President by the way he lost his temper at last week's press conference. To flaunt the episode would be folly. America is built on the Presidential principle. The recession, for example, has reached a point where confidence in the President's guidance (strange though his long delay seems) is the chief thing that holds the economy together.

We watched Eisenhower's face at the conference. He recognized Sarah McClendon, his chief gadfly, with a set jaw, as though he intended to demolish her even before she opened her mouth. The question voiced the fears of those opposing his Pentagon reorganization plan: preposterous fears, we believe, but all the more needing answer.

All the cards at a press conference are stacked in the President's favor. A light word or smile would have demolished the idea of a "personal" army. Instead Eisenhower thrust out his jaw, his tell-tale temple vein expanded, and from there on for this and the next four questions he gave what Eric Sevareid called "an oral pistol-whipping to reporters."

Eisenhower has enjoyed a subservience from the press which is, we believe, beyond that accorded any other President. It is a temptation now to say "I told you so." But the situation is too serious. America has a weak President when it agonizingly needs a strong one, but it does no good to undercut him still further. He's the only President we've got. That was the mood in which the nervous and rather awed reporters left the conference.

The Question

PRIOR TO FLYING to South America Nixon invited British correspondents to an off-the-record evening at his spacious home, pending his expected trip to Britain and the Continent this summer. He demonstrated his suppleness, charm and sure footing. But always at these gatherings The Question comes up.

It came up, for example, back in January, 1957, when British publisher David Astor and his Washington correspondent called on Nixon. Nixon did a brilliant job at that time till Astor finally asked him how he reconciled his new posture with his red smear against Helen Gahagan Douglas in 1950? Nixon cast down his eyes with a look of modest contrition and answered, in effect, "I want you to understand I was a very young man."

This was not the line for the British correspondents last week, we gather. Nixon did not express humble penitence when The Question came up. He spoke as one sophisticate to others: even his enemies, he said, did not call him "stupid"; surely hard-boiled reporters did not think he would have been such a fool as to brand the Democrats as guilty of treason? Red-baiting?—Some of McCarthy's spots had come off on him! The liberals could never forgive him for exposing Alger Hiss!

After the cordial visit the *Manchester Guardian's* correspondent told his readers hopefully that Nixon is not so bad after all: he is the victim of a "brutal" and "malignant myth," which has "usurped the place of reality."

That Old Instinct

WITH A SIGH we turned to our "brutal myth" file. Here are the Nixon speeches of the '54 campaign denouncing Adlai Stevenson for "testifying for Alger Hiss," and calling the effort of the "Communist Party" to elect "an anti-Eisenhower Congress" the "most sinister development of this campaign to date." Here is his revealing comment at Cornell in 1956: "I don't think the type of investigation he (McCarthy) previously conducted is necessary any longer." Here is his partisan exploitation in the same year of the segregation issue by saying it was delivered by "a great Republican chief justice, Earl Warren." Here is the clipping of last September when 250 of the country's leading physicists at the American Physical Society at St. Louis cheered Dr. Edward Condon as he told how Nixon had intervened to block his security clearance and boasted of it to voters.

Nobody doubts Nixon's vitality, energy and mental equipment. But has Nixon lost that old instinct for the jugular? Grim title suggestions are coming in for Earl Mazo's new study of Nixon—"I Was a Juvenile Vice President," and "From Here to Maturity." The most devastating criticism of Nixon is that he simply lacks convictions. What he exhibited in the past was not an error in judgment but a flaw in character.

The new Eisenhower cocktail?—Business on the rocks.

Next Question

WE mentioned here last week Robert Oppenheimer's reference to the "very gay and wonderful discovery that Nature has a preference for right-handed and left-handed screws in certain situations." Feeling that no effort should be spared to keep our readers posted, we begged Dr. Oppenheimer for further details, explaining that Nature's partiality towards screws was driving us nuts. Dr. Oppenheimer, bound for Europe, couldn't dash off an explanation himself, but forwarded us a reprint which we are delighted to share with readers. Dated 1956, it is written by physicists T. D. Lee and C. N. Yang, and begins, helpfully enough, "Recent experimental data indicate closely identical masses and lifetimes of the θ^+ ($\equiv K\pi_2^+$) and the τ^+ ($\equiv K\pi_3^+$) mesons."

The discussion (which we forgot to mention is entitled "Question of Parity Conservation in Weak Interactions") gets rather more complicated after that, but winds up encouragingly, "In such a picture the supposedly observed right-and-left asymmetry is therefore ascribed not to a basic non-invariance under inversion, but to a cosmologically local preponderance of, say, p_R over p_L."

We heaved a great sigh of relief at this, knowing that we could sleep again. Next question, please.

T.R.B.

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THE WEEK 3
Tito Talks Back; Defense Reorganization; Higher Education; Wake Up, America!; Unemployment Benefits; Built-in Buffers; The Foreign Aid Bill; Trouble in Aden; Warbucks to the Rescue

ARTICLES 7
NATO and North Africa
by Curtis Cate
"Religion at Harvard"
Soviet History—the Revised Revision
by Andrew R. MacAndrew
The Disengagement Debate
by Louis J. Halle

BOOKS 17
ART 22
MUSIC 23

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Correspondence

► *Yarborough's Opponent*

SIRS:

IN *The New Republic* of April 21, 1958, there appears an attack on William A. Blakley—Ralph Yarborough's opponent for the Democratic nomination for Senator from Texas—which is so similar to a signed article by Lyman

(Continued on page 24)

Tito Talks Back

WHEN the Polish Ambassador to Yugoslavia joined the delegates to the Communist Party Congress in standing applause for Vice President Rankovic's reaffirmation of Yugoslav independence and for his rejection of Soviet interference in the internal affairs of Yugoslav Communism, he not only provided a dramatic climax to the Congress: his gesture illuminated as in a flash the fundamental reason why the Soviet-Yugoslav "ideological" dispute, twice solemnly buried in the past three years, had once again risen. For that reason is to be found neither in the Yugoslav Communists' missionary zeal, which has greatly declined in recent years, nor in any lack of flexibility on Mr. Khrushchev's part where the Yugoslav question itself is concerned, but in the repercussions of Yugoslavia's special position on Russia's relations with the other Communist-governed states of Eastern Europe.

Indeed, up to the moment when the Polish Ambassador rose in lonely eminence among the empty chairs prudently vacated by his Soviet-bloc colleagues, the renewed flare-up of the Russo-Yugoslav conflict had retained a somewhat contrived air, like the ill-timed revival of a once exciting stage-play that has lost its topical interest. Surely there was no point in trying to reenact the old Tito-Stalin melodrama after 10 years, with a buffoon taking the role of the dead old villain, and even the once admired performer of the hero's part clearly showing the signs of advancing age and loss of zest?

It is the irony of the situation that this revival was in all probability not desired by either of the protagonists, because from a strictly Russo-Yugoslav point of view there was no need for it. Khrushchev's rise to power had been associated with repeated demonstrations of his determination to end the old dispute, to blame Stalin for it, and to concede to the Yugoslav Communists the national autonomy and independence in whose defense they had once taken their historic stand. Tito in turn had, after some hesitation, dropped all serious criticism of present-day Soviet policies, had shown in every way that he was backing Khrushchev as the most forward-looking among the Soviet leaders, and since the shock of the Hungarian rising had extended increasingly outspoken support to all aspects of Soviet foreign policy. True, he had stopped short of joining the Warsaw military alliance, and his foreign policy support had thus remained conditional: he had not tied his hand for the future. But this was the kind of minor disappointment which Khrushchev, conscious of his strength, could well afford to bear—just as Tito, conscious of his need for stability, could put up with the disappointment that Khrushchev, in reorganizing the Soviet economy, had not followed the model of Yugoslavia's "workers' self-government." Far better for either of them to accept this remnant of disagreement in a friendly spirit, than to reopen the old quarrel which had proved so dangerous a factor of unrest throughout Eastern Europe!

Why, then, did they reopen it? The answer, we believe, lies in Khrushchev's need to reimpose international discipline and submission to the

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"leading role of the Soviet Union" *at least* on the Communists of what used to be Stalin's satellite empire—including Poland. He has been willing to relax the *forms* of that discipline, to renounce the former detailed supervision of their economic and political life and to withdraw the crowds of Soviet agents and experts needed for that; he has been willing, too, to show patience, to avoid head-on collisions where possible, to rely on quiet diplomatic and economic pressures rather than on public showdowns. With Gomulka in particular he has been very careful ever since the initial clash of October, 1956, wishing to avoid another Hungary nearer home, and giving him time to restore effective party control over the nation. But at no time has he lost sight of his essential goal—the subordination of all the ruling parties within the Soviet bloc to the discipline of the Soviet Communist leadership, in all questions which the Soviet leaders might at any time consider essential.

☆

Last November, after his final victory over Zhukov, Khrushchev felt the time was ripe to proclaim this principle, and took the first step in the joint declaration of 12 ruling Communist parties. It was no surprise that the Yugoslavs refused to sign, and a public quarrel was still avoided; but it was awkward that the Poles had insisted on a formula which seemed, within a defined framework of orthodox principles, to leave each ruling Communist Party free to decide on their application. Since then, Soviet pressure on the Polish Communists has steadily increased, ranging from economic blackmail to press attacks on "revisionism" in which certain Polish party members were compared to "traitors" like Djilas and Imre Nagy. At the beginning of March, a former Stalinist trade union boss used a meeting of the Polish Communist Central Committee for an all-out attack on Gomulka, blaming his bad relations with the Soviets for Poland's economic difficulties and particularly the growth of unemployment. Gomulka continued to resist: the Stalinist critic was removed from the Central Committee; the "Revisionists" were attacked in the party press but not expelled, as Moscow had suggested; and at a conference in Prague called to found a new international Communist periodical, the Poles demanded guarantees that it would not try to interfere with the international autonomy of each party. A few days later, Khrushchev gave a deliberately ambiguous interview to the Polish party organ *Trybuna Ludu*: he expressed confidence in the future of Polish-Soviet relations and in the Polish working class which would never "tolerate" a return of "Kulak exploitation" and unemployment—but made no mention of Gomulka.

During the same period, Soviet-Polish cooperation in the diplomatic field, above all with regard to the Rapacki plan, has worked smoothly enough to make Khrushchev refrain from an open attack; but the approach of the pre-Summit East-West negotiations has probably caused him to step up the pressure so as to settle the issue of international Communist discipline in good time; it might, after all, be awkward if the Poles behaved at a Summit meeting like independent allies! But if the pressure was to be increased without open Soviet-Polish conflict, there was only one method left: to raise the issue of international discipline and subordination to the Soviet Union openly and publicly, but to take Yugoslavia rather than Poland as target for the public attack.

That is precisely what the latest issue of the Moscow *Communist* has done; and the demonstration was underlined by the request to all Communist parties to send no fraternal delegations to the Yugoslav Party Congress. It mattered little to Khrushchev that the Yugoslavs would hit back; what mattered was that the Poles, as well as the Rumanian and Hungarian parties who had also shown signs of wishing to follow them on the road to autonomy, should surrender to the heavy artillery of Soviet displeasure. When no delegations came, it seemed that the maneuver had succeeded; now the gesture of the Polish Ambassador to Yugoslavia has put the outcome in question once again.

When Mr. Khrushchev returned from Belgrade in the summer of 1955 and asked for the Central Committee's approval for his "correction" of Stalin's Yugoslav "mistake," Molotov used one key argument in opposing him: if Stalin had not excommunicated the Yugoslavs in 1948, their heresy would have spread to more vital spots nearer home. Molotov has since been silenced, but his argument is as true for 1958 as it was for 1948. Now Khrushchev has turned reluctantly on the Yugoslavs to protect the same weak spot of the Soviet empire. The only question is whether this time the recipe will work.

Defense Reorganization

THERE IS nothing unusual about newspaper headlines indicating a White House retreat from a proposal that has met with Congressional opposition, but there is a refreshing novelty in the spectacle of the President appearing to be more determined than his Secretary of Defense who is on the firing line before a Congressional committee. Meantime, the chairman of that committee, Mr. Vinson of Georgia, continues to behave like an Assyrian satrap threatened with loss of his tax-gathering privileges.

There may be some genuine concern in Congress over the possibility that a more closely-knit Defense establishment would swing too much weight in national affairs. If so, it is not very persuasively expressed by the charge that the Secretary of Defense may become a Czar (who ever heard of an *appointed* Czar?) and the charge that the military bosses may evolve into a "Prussian-type" general staff. The fact of the matter is that to up-grade

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the Secretary and his military advisors is to down-grade the committee and subcommittee chairmen on Capitol Hill. To give the President more effective control of Defense through the person of his defense deputy, the Secretary of Defense, is to put the responsibility for legislative checks more on Congress as a whole, where, we believe, it belongs, and less upon a handful of Southerners who make their political careers by alternatively coddling and harassing the military departments.

Higher Education

INFLATION is nowhere more painfully apparent than in the doubling of college costs since 1940, and the prospect of their doubling again by 1970. A generation ago a family could feel well prepared by setting aside $4,000 for the four-year college education of each child. But in the fall of 1958 tuition alone will be $1,100 at Columbia, $1,170 at Dartmouth, $1,250 at Cornell and Radcliffe. Nor is this true in the Ivy League only. In Ohio, $200 increases in tuition for 1958 have been announced by Oberlin, Antioch, Ohio Wesleyan and Case Institute. Comparable rises in charges for room and board are bringing the total annual cost of college into the $2,000-$3,000 range. This is bad enough for the average family with one student in college; for those with several the economic pressure has become suffocating.

Wake Up, America!

THE House Un-American Activities Committee, which hasn't had much to do lately, called up retired Army General Albert C. Wedemeyer the other day to chat about Communism. In case your alarm bell has been put out of commission by the scrawny party membership, the folding of *The Daily Worker,* and other superficial signs of demise of the US Communist Party, wake up! Subversion is still a bigger threat than Sputniks.

The General's testimony consumed 30 pages as well as considerable time. But at least it served the purpose of adding to the make-work schedule of a committee which has a harder and harder time finding enough business to justify its $305,000 appropriation.

Not that the committee doesn't keep busy. It spent one day listening to an ex-Estonian president tell how bad things are in Estonia. It got out an annual report (shrewdly divided into seven small parts with a different release day on each for maximum publicity) naming 14 people like Khrushchev and Chou En-lai as leaders of an international conspiracy. It has also called up countless Communists, present and ex, and proved beyond any reasonable doubt that one was employed in the Agriculture Department for two years in the 1930's and another wormed his way into the Social Security Administration.

Unemployment Benefits

IN CONDEMNING the House unemployment compensation program as "a dole," possessing "grave defects" and "destructive of the whole unemployment insurance system," the President is apparently unaware of the fact that these same condemnations apply with equal force to his own extended benefits proposal. Indeed, the weaknesses in Mr. Eisenhower's program are so obvious that Rep. Robert W. Kean, who has been the Administration's social insurance mainstay in the Ways and Means Committee and is Republican candidate in New Jersey for the Senate, voted with the Democratic majority for the more adequate program.

With respect to the two million unemployed not now covered or eligible for unemployment compensation, Mr. Eisenhower has made no recommendation whatsoever. And for the two million who will exhaust their benefit rights in 1958, the Administration's program would provide an average of only $215 in total additional assistance to each jobless worker.

If the Administration has its way, the Eisenhower program would be imposed on each state, regardless of the opinion of any given state, and even if the establishment of a duplicate federal agency to pay the added benefits were necessary. Moreover, each state's industry would be taxed at a uniform rate of pay for the total spent in that state on extended benefits according to the federally determined standard. Yet the President speaks solicitously of state rights!

Our objective in unemployment compensation should be to eliminate the vicious competition between states in terms of low benefit standards and hence low taxes, and to pool nationally part of the cost of unemployment compensation in states most severely hit by a business slump. The Social Security Act was designed to accomplish those purposes, but the absence of any benefit standards in the law has permitted states like Virginia and Iowa to offer industrialists the lowest average unemployment taxes by limiting benefit duration to but 8 to 18 and 6 to 24 weeks, respectively.

The remedy for such defects is a program such as that contained in the Kennedy-McCarthy bill, which establishes federal standards for benefits, extends coverage to more workers, and provides for some national sharing of excessive state benefit costs through a program of reinsurance.

Although the Democratic bill in the House is far from perfect, it does at least provide extended benefits for 16 rather than an average of 7.7 weeks and would include some four million unemployed instead of two and a half million, for it would apply also to jobless who are outside unemployment compensation coverage but have sufficient records of prior employment on which to base benefits.

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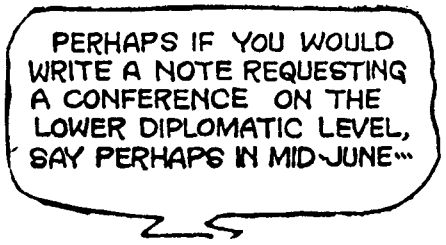
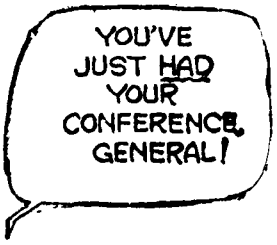
Warbucks to the Rescue

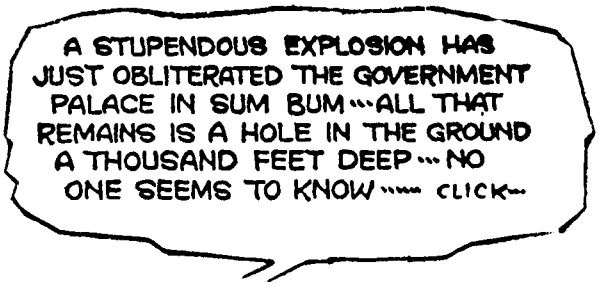
IT APPEARS that Harold Gray, the man who draws "Little Orphan Annie," has also discovered that the Communists cannot stand up to a really brave cartoonist. This time it is the Chinese Reds whose cowardice is exposed. They have committed the fatal error of arresting one of Daddy Warbucks' underlings on a trumped-up charge of espionage (though how the fellow got to China in the first place, travel restrictions being what they are, is beyond us). By telephone, Daddy demands his man back. The Red replies:



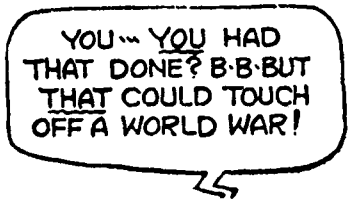
To which Daddy briskly retorts:



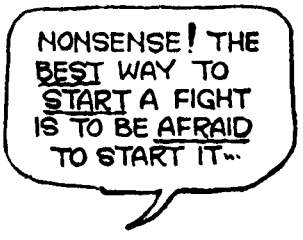
Three hours later, the radio announces that:


A STUPENDOUS EXPLOSION HAS JUST OBLITERATED THE GOVERNMENT PALACE IN SUM BUM…ALL THAT REMAINS IS A HOLE IN THE GROUND A THOUSAND FEET DEEP…NO ONE SEEMS TO KNOW…… CLICK…

Which prompts a young lady to say accusingly:



But Daddy replies:



And sure enough, in a little while word arrives that Daddy's man has been released at the border.

It is pleasant to think that this view of international affairs is being widely disseminated among today's youngsters, from whose ranks, perhaps, the Secretaries of State of tomorrow will be drawn.

Built-in Buffers

THE EXTENT to which the buffers the New Deal built into the economy are mitigating the recession shows up rather startlingly in current figures on the sources of personal income. Last August, personal income (calculated at a seasonally adjusted annual rate) reached a high of $347.3 billion. By this March, it had fallen by almost $6 billion.

But the drop would have been almost $9 billion if it had not been compensated by payments under the various pieces of social legislation prepared in the 1930's for times like these. From such sources, a prop of almost $3 billion was supplied to personal purchasing power.

A detailed look at the changes in the figures from August to March is still more revealing. The nation's really big source of income—wages and salaries—shrank from $241.7 billion to $233.3 billion. This shrinkage was almost entirely in earnings from the production of commodities: from $102.8 billion to $94.8 billion. Government workers' earnings, by contrast, remained constant at $40.5 billion. Payrolls in distributive occupations held up fairly well, sliding only from $64.7 billion to $63.7 billion, and in the service occupations, earnings actually increased, from $33.7 billion to $34.3 billion. (At the same time, labor income from sources other than wages and salaries—mostly private, employer-paid welfare funds—moved from $8 billion to $7.7 billion.)

As against an $8.4 billion drop in wages and salaries, the incomes of individual proprietors and renters diminished only from $51.7 billion to $51.3 billion, and personal receipts from interest and dividends did not decline at all; they rose from $31.6 billion to $31.8 billion.

The Foreign Aid Bill

IN ITS response to the President's $3.29 billion foreign-aid request, the House Foreign Affairs Committee has given us a mildly encouraging temperature reading on Congressional sentiment for and against aid: The Committee authorized all but $339 million of the sum requested. Last year at the authorization stage the Committee cut $622 million. Influential pro-aid Committee members in both parties are said to be truer believers this year in the merits of aid than they were last year and thus more likely to support the bill on the floor.

This favorable trend can be attributed to the Administration's having prepared its brief more thoroughly this year: Under-Secretary of State for Economic Affairs

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Douglas Dillon was an impressive contrast to former ICA Administrator John B. Hollister (whose support of the program was open to doubt). Also, acting Committee Chairman Thomas Morgan (D, Pa.) has surprised colleagues with his authoritative, intelligent management of the hearings.

But the fact that the Foreign Affairs Committee has left the most important parts of the aid program intact, notably the $625 million second-year authorization for the Development Loan Fund, will not necessarily prevent the House Appropriations Committee from later emasculating the aid legislation. Rep. Otto Passman (D, La.), chairman of an Appropriations Subcommittee now considering the aid bill, is one of the most heated opponents of aid in Congress.

Trouble in Aden

THE COLONY of Aden is Britain's last foothold in the Middle East. It was a tiny pirate village of 400 souls when the East India Company took it over in 1839; it is now a thriving community of 140,000. Before the last war its main importance was as a coaling station for ships travelling between Europe and the Far East. The fantastic postwar oil boom has given it a new role. Britain has built an oil refinery and major port installations in the harbor, and last year Duncan Sandys decided to make it the command headquarters for Britain's Middle Eastern forces—in other words, the main base for military action to defend her vital oil supplies from the Persian Gulf.

Recent events, including the surrounding of a government platoon by 300 rebel tribesmen, threaten to entangle Britain in a mess over Aden which could be almost as damaging as the Suez affair. The inhabitants of the Aden colony itself, though restive, have so far accepted British rule without great protest, and Britain has recently proposed constitutional reforms which will bring them much closer to self-government. But Aden is circled by a score of tiny sheikdoms which have accepted British protection. These sheikdoms are threatened both within and without by the tide of Arab nationalism. For some years now Yemen, probably the most backward state in the whole world, has been conducting a desultory guerrilla war against the Aden protectorate on her Southern frontier. Last year Britain made an immense effort to win Yemenite friendship, but Yemen drifted steadily toward Nasser's camp until she finally agreed last month to join the new United Arab Republic. Since then the Yemenite Army has come under Egyptian command and the USSR has sent it modern equipment. Yemen has asked Russia to build a harbor and naval base on her Red Sea coast.

British soldiers in Aden have watched these developments with impotent alarm. The desire to teach Yemen a lesson became so strong a few months ago that there was real danger of some local air force commander treating a frontier incident as an excuse for punitive bombing of a Yemen town. And in the last week events inside the protectorate have revealed even worse dangers.

The Sultan of Lahej—the largest of the protected sheikdoms, bordering on Aden itself—let it be known that he was thinking of abrogating his treaty with Britain and joining the United Arab Republic. The Governor of Aden immediately ordered the arrest of three of the Sultan's entourage who were suspected of being Nasser's agents. Two British cruisers steamed into Aden with reinforcements, and still more men were flown in from Kenya. Cairo radio is screaming of Arab revolt against British rule in Aden, and Nasser is going to Moscow.

Nothing could be more disastrous for the West than another Middle Eastern war which could be represented as a British imperialist attack on the Pan-Arab movement. It could wreck whatever chance there is of the Iraq-Jordan federation establishing itself as a counterweight to Nasser's United Arab Republic. It could force Saudi Arabia finally off the fence to Nasser's side. And directly it could embolden Russia to take the step which is the constant nightmare of Western diplomats—full support for the unanimous Arab demand that Israel should return to the frontiers fixed by the UN in 1947.

NATO and North Africa

Paris

WHEN THE NATO Foreign Ministers meet this May 5th in Copenhagen, they can no longer ignore the fact that the North African crisis has brought the alliance to the brink of collapse. For this, there are two main reasons, one military, the other diplomatic. France, one of the central pillars of the NATO structure, has, *de facto* if not *de jure,* already withdrawn from the alliance. Only two of the 14 divisions she once pledged to NATO are still in Europe, and no one knows when the others can be extricated from North Africa. In a recent book *Le Malaise de l'Armée*, Jean Planchais, the military correspondent for the Paris paper, *Le Monde*, reflects:

> It will take 10 years, according to the experts, to reconstitute a force equivalent to the one which impatience and disorder [generated by the Algerian revolt] disorganized in several months. Ten years during which Germany will form its divisions and become the greatest military power in Western Europe.

The other reason for NATO's disarray is the growing rift in the foreign policies of the United States, Great

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Britain and France. During the Assembly debate which culminated in Gaillard's overthrow, a French deputy declared: "We cannot be valid allies on the Elbe and adversaries who are slyly combatted in Tunis and Algiers."

WHAT is surprising is that North Africa has never been formally discussed before at a NATO conference, although the North Atlantic Treaty contains two articles which clearly justify it: Article 4, which states that the contracting parties "will consult each time that, in the opinion of one of them, the territorial integrity, political independence or security of one of the parties is menaced," and Article 6, which specifically extends NATO's collective guarantees against an armed attack to "the French departments of Algeria."

It is obviously not the letter, but the spirit of the treaty which has hitherto kept France's NATO partners from bringing up the North African problem. Last November, when Washington and London peremptorily decided to ship a few weapons to Tunisia, NATO's Secretary-General, Paul-Henri Spaak, would have been fully justified in putting the matter before the permanent council. This was, in fact, his first instinct. He was dissuaded from doing so by his fear that an open questioning of the wisdom of this precipitate action (taken just six days after Gaillard's accession to office) would only add fuel to the flames and further exacerbate Paris' uneasy relations with Washington and London. It is a decision he today regrets.

Writing recently in the *New York Herald Tribune*, Anthony Nutting observed: "So far France's NATO partners have loyally refrained from telling her what they really think of her policy." This is true so far as it goes, but if France's NATO partners have shown remarkable discretion in not broaching a problem which Paris politicians have repeatedly emphasized is "a purely French affair," it is also because none of them has been particularly anxious to get his fingers burned in the North African fire.

At any rate, these varying manifestations of discretion have been little appreciated in France. The French have seen successive Paris governments withdraw most of France's divisions from NATO without encouraging a Russian attack on Western Europe. This has led many of them—including General de Gaulle—to conclude that since NATO seems able to get along without French ground forces, why not get out of it entirely? Likewise, France's continuing obligations to NATO, which General Norstad has had the disagreeable duty of reemphasizing, have convinced the same Frenchmen that NATO is a millstone around France's neck rather than a shield, since it keeps her from sending the rest of her European contingents to North Africa for a knock-out blow against the Algerian rebels.

It is easy to dismiss these feelings as neurotic symptoms of frustration. But it is essential that we realize that if NATO now seems to many Frenchmen as a cumbersome military obstruction, it is because it has done nothing to help France solve her problems in Algeria. Under American leadership—if such it can be called—NATO has allowed the North African situation to deteriorate to the point where it is beginning to bear an ominous resemblance to the arms race in the Middle East. For while the French have been relatively successful in intercepting arms coming by sea from the Balkans or the Middle East, they have been powerless to do much about the convoys moving overland through Libya.

That the Russians have foreseen, if not actually masterminded this situation, is suggested by the *démarches* which Sergei Vinogradov, the Soviet ambassador in Paris, has recently been making. Since the Sakhiet raid in early February he has called on a number of prominent Frenchmen, including General de Gaulle and Christian Pineau, the Foreign Minister in the Gaillard Ministry, to assure them of Moscow's desire to see France and only France remain in Bizerte. Now why, we may well ask, should the Kremlin be so anxious to avoid what has so loosely been called the "NATOization" of the Bizerte naval base. Not, obviously, because of any threat that such a pure formality could pose to the Soviet Union. The British and American fleets in the Mediterranean have bases closer to the Soviet zone than Bizerte. Our airbases in Libya, Turkey and Saudi Arabia are closer to the Russian heartland than any Tunisia has to offer.

THE Soviet ambassador's maneuvers would seem to have other aims in view. The present crisis in Franco-American relations has given Moscow an admirable opportunity for suggesting to frustrated French politicians—and they are growing in number—that the time has come for France to renew her traditional, prewar alliance with Russia, which would help France maintain her national dignity and integrity. The Kremlin may also have calculated that keeping France in Bizerte is an easy way of further poisoning her already strained relations with Tunisia. But it may also be feared by Moscow that a move to "NATOize" Bizerte might be a first step, that NATO might go on from there to concern itself with the entire North African question. It is not difficult to see why Russia would rather see an isolated and unpopular France in Bizerte than a determined NATO: an isolated France can do almost nothing to stem the inflow of arms through Libya which now sustain the Algerian rebellion. The NATO powers, on the other hand, led by the United States and Britain who have bases in Libya and who subsidize its ruling dynasty, can bring a direct pressure to bear.

This is not to suggest that Washington and London can bring pressure to bear on the Libyans, and thus on the National Liberation Front leadership in Tunis, without simultaneously bringing pressure to bear on Paris

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in favor of a negotiated settlement of the Algerian war. But precisely because these NATO countries have it in their power to exert this pressure, they can offer France what no Paris government—not even one headed by General de Gaulle—is today in a position to obtain: a moderating influence on the intransigents of the rebels who want France's immediate military eviction from Algeria.

IN the private briefing which he gave American correspondents in Paris two days after the fall of the Gaillard government, Ambassador Robert Murphy indicated that Washington is forced by the pace of events to advocate direct negotiations between Paris and what he cautiously termed a "coherent group of the National Liberation Front." What Mr. Murphy presumably had in mind was a group of Algerian leaders which would include moderates like Ferhat Abbas and which would not be exclusively dominated by those, like the ex-Berber outlaw, Krim Belkacem, who are advocates of France's unconditional surrender. At almost the same moment that Mr. Murphy was making his off-the-record remarks, *El Moujahid,* the main National Liberation Front organ in Tunis, was declaring unambiguously that the Algerian rebels would "never accept elections in Algeria, even under international control, as long as the national territory has not been completely liberated."

There should be no illusions as to the difficulties that lie ahead in trying to get men who have perfected the hideous art of total guerrilla war to accept a reasonable compromise with the French in Algeria. We would be in a far better position to deal with this immensely baffling problem if the Administration in Washington had had the foresight and the energy six months ago to anticipate the present deterioration. The Administration's lack of frankness in the past, which Mr. Nutting has attributed to an excess of discretion, has been one of the major reasons why Washington's relations with Paris have reached their critical pass. We might have spared ourselves some embarrassments had we been more forthright with Jean Monnet when he came to Washington in January to plead for a loan to France. The $650 million which we then so obligingly handed France on a silver platter should have been tied to a settlement of the Algerian question. Instead of being an aimless gesture of Yankee generosity, this loan should have been used as an initial economic prop in a long-range plan aimed at establishing that Mediterranean pact and economic consortium for the Sahara which Félix Gaillard so casually mentioned in his speech to the French Assembly on March 7. Our subsequent offer of "Good Offices" would have carried more weight with the French had it been tied to a far-sighted proposal for the future of North Africa, instead of limiting itself as it did to an earnest plea to the French to place all their trust in the good faith of Habib Bourguiba.

For it is important to remember that what has made the French so maddeningly insistent that "Algeria is a purely French affair" is not simply that legalistic cast of the French mind which Herbert Luethy has so brilliantly analyzed; it is also the fact that in every colonial dispute the US has been involved in, we have used our influence to hasten the capitulation of the colonial rulers more than to moderate the appetite of the subjugated. In Indonesia we encouraged the Dutch to pack their bags and abandon the field to a motley array of politicians, some of whom now use the United States as the most convenient scape-goat for their own inadequacies. In the Middle East we used our influence to persuade the British to evacuate the Suez Canal Zone, thus knocking the props out from under the Tripartite Declaration of 1950, and opening the way to that menacing arms race which we no longer know how to control. Today we find ourselves putting pressure on Paris to negotiate directly with the Algerian National Liberation Front without apparently having any clear idea of what might be the acceptable limits of negotiation, what kind of moderating pressure, if necessary, we are prepared to exercise on the National Liberation Front in Tunis or on their vociferous supporters in Cairo, or what should be the general outlines for the future of the Maghreb.

In the present highly emotional mood of the French, it is going to be an almost insuperably delicate task, as Mr. Murphy discovered, to bring fruitful pressure to bear on Paris. It is here that NATO, cumbersome though it undoubtedly is, may prove to be the indispensable diplomatic channel. For NATO contains both small as well as great powers whose esteem France has long valued. The criticism that most shook the French after the Sakhiet bombardment was not that of the Americans or the British, which they anticipated: it was that of their traditional friends, the Norwegians and the Danes.

THIS suggests that whatever the final solution for the North African crisis may be, it will be most palatable to the French if it is hammered out in the forage of NATO discussions and carries with it a NATO trademark and a NATO guarantee. For then the French Government which has the thankless task of negotiating an end to the Algerian war will have something stronger than its own weakness to fall back upon in the stiff bargaining that will certainly be needed to save something of France's immense interests and investments in the Maghreb.

The alternative, which already looms ominously over the horizon, might well be some act of French desperation, such as a reversal of alliances or the mass expulsion of the 400,000 Algerians now working in France —acts which would not only destroy NATO, but which would fatally consummate the "Egyptianization" of North Africa.

CURTIS CATE

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"Religion at Harvard"

Two weeks ago William Warren Bartley III, a second-year Harvard University graduate student, discussed in these pages a long-simmering controversy at Harvard on the place of religion in higher education. Mr. Bartley took issue with those—and he included President Nathan M. Pusey among them—who seem to him to "argue that democracy should embrace a value orthodoxy in order to survive." He objected to Pusey's position that religion should serve as a unifying force in the curriculum and to theologian Paul Tillich's view "that a value system or religion can be 'fully' appreciated only by those who are committed to it."

Mr. Bartley's account of an episode in which Rev. George A. Buttrick, Preacher to the University, had refused to permit a Jewish student to be married in Harvard's Memorial Church by a Rabbi, may have been in part responsible for a change in University policy announced last week. "Private services," the Harvard Corporation said, "may be conducted in Memorial Church by an official of an individual's own religion when this is desired, providing he is willing to do so notwithstanding the Church's essentially Christian character." The form of worship in Memorial Church, "though necessarily particular in character, is nevertheless intended to support the universal values of religion."

Comments on Mr. Bartley's article follow.

Sirs:

Is it too perverse to say that Bartley's article is in itself proof of the validity of Pusey's general policy? If the world of traditional religious thought is having a revival of intellectual activity isn't a university the place where the best examples of that activity should confront and be confronted with the kind of criticism and alternative viewpoint which Bartley represents? But how can that confrontation take place if the Divinity School and the Memorial Church are not manned with the best possible personnel? The fact is that there is serious and far-reaching disagreement between intellectually qualified people about the place of religion in higher education. Bartley seems alarmed that this discussion should be disturbing Harvard. I should think it a cause for congratulation.

Mr. Bartley seems to prefer the balloon-deflating technique in education to the giving of "big answers or bigger systems" to Big Questions. Is the responsibility of education really discharged by balloon-deflating, valuable as that in itself must always be? Is it wrong to suggest to students that intelligent men may legitimately commit themselves to "big answers and bigger systems" provided they are also willing to let Mr. Bartley and his friends point out the difficulties to them? Is dilettante cynicism the only posture that is permitted an intellectual?

Why does Mr. Bartley pose Raphael Demos as an opponent of the position of Tillich-Wild-Pusey? Surely all of them would endorse much of what he says about the purposes and aims of education. Tillich at least has insisted as eloquently as Demos on the category of human freedom and the self-defeating character of much religious orthodoxy that stifles freedom. The encounter between proponents of the Conant-Demos-Bartley position and the Pusey-Tillich-Wild position will not be a fight to the death but a means of recognizing common ambitions as well as areas of serious difference.

"The role of the committed man as teacher" has been a hot subject at Columbia as well as at Harvard and elsewhere. My own conviction is that the best way to understand a point of view is to hear about it both from some one who shares it and from some one who stands outside of it, assuming that in both cases there is scholarly competence and ability to teach and communicate. President Pusey has facilitated this process of illumination by providing Harvard students with committed Christian and Jewish scholars who can speak with the penetration and insight that commitment alone affords. But surely there are not lacking on the Harvard faculty men of quite different commitments who will probe and criticize even as Mr. Bartley does. Morton White's examples of insight being shed from men of another orientation are clearly exceptions — welcome exceptions that any university ought to treasure. But even Mr. White's illustrations are all drawn from within the general Biblical tradition, and I challenge him to name a Hindu scholar who has specialized in Roman Catholic thought or a Buddhist who has made a scholarly contribution to the knowledge of Hebrew theology. Usually a man's commitment defines his area of interest and consequently his choice of subject matter.

As for "religion as a unifying force in the curriculum," Mr. Bartley's second major topic, does he think that seri-

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ous scholars like Mr. Wild and President Pusey are disqualified from Harvard by reason of holding or urging this point of view? He admits that he believes President Pusey would never seek "to foster a religious orthodoxy at Harvard." (He is not so sure about Chaplain Buttrick for the rather far-fetched reason of his regulation about the use of the Chapel for Jewish weddings. I am not sure about the reasons for Dr. Buttrick's policy on this latter point—it is not the policy of the Columbia chapel—but I am sure it does not proceed from any desire to foster religious orthodoxy.) Since Mr. Bartley quotes from Moberly's *The Crisis in the University*, would it not be fair to quote Moberly's realistic and honest disclaimer at this point: "So long as convinced Christians are a minority of our people, it is unfair and unreasonable to ask that the universities shall be dominated by Christian belief (page 102)." I share Mr. Bartley's confidence that President Pusey agrees with this position. What is more, Moberly would seek even in the best of all possible worlds (*i.e.* a world of convinced Christians) a university where there was the kind of autonomy for literature, the arts and the sciences which Newman, for example, was willing and anxious to accord them (cf. *Ibid.* page 152).

Is it possible that Mr. Bartley and his friends are the real totalitarians, the cause of whose annoyance is that the Divinity School at Harvard doesn't still have weeds in the yard and dust on the pews?

JOHN M. KRUMM

Chaplain, Columbia University

SIRS:

"RELIGION AT HARVARD" is of interest to all who are concerned with educational values. I have no desire to enter the controversy, but seemingly neither side has considered the extent to which President Eliot himself made a liberal "commitment." For the record I submit the closing words of the much debated address to the Harvard Summer School of Theology (1909):

> Finally, this 20th Century religion is not only to be in harmony with the great secular movements of modern society . . . but also in essential agreement with the direct, personal teachings of Jesus, as they are reported in the Gospels. The revelation he gave to mankind thus becomes more wonderful than ever.—(Charles W. Eliot, "The Religion of the Future," in *The Durable Satisfactions of Life*, New York, 1910, p. 198.)

FRANCIS P. WEISENBURGER

Ohio State University

SIRS:

THAT Harvard's present controversy should attract such widespread interest is a high tribute to religion's vitality. As an ex-Divinity student Mr. Bartley has had occasion to wrestle with the problems of which he speaks. In expressing his views, however, Bartley has been unfair to those with whom he was formerly associated.

Of considerable interest is Bartley's analysis of President Pusey's "Divinity School Address." Bartley found objectionable President Pusey's conclusion that " . . . events of the 20th Century have made its [Eliot's faith] easy optimism unpalatable."

From Eliot's 1909 "Religion of the Future" address Bartley cites statements which indicate Eliot's awareness of wars, human suffering and the like. From this we are expected to agree that Eliot is neither an "easy optimist" nor "a product of inevitable progress" and that President Pusey had "badly misread" Eliot's speech. In supporting this position Bartley misrepresents both speeches under question by lifting material from its proper context.

At one point Bartley quotes Eliot as saying: "In this sense . . . a humane religion has to wait for a humane generation." Bartley neglected to include a sentence in the same paragraph where Eliot says, "The 20th Century will accept literally and implicitly St. Paul's statement 'In Him we will live, and move, and have our being'." Bartley had two shots at this statement, once in Eliot's address and secondly when President Conant quotes the same in his article, "Harvard's Religious Tradition."

And it was misleading to overlook Eliot's comment " . . . and the truth will progressively make men free, so that the coming generation will be freer, and therefore more productive and stronger than the preceding."

Who badly misread Eliot's speech?

Mr. Bartley's suggestion that upon a man's affirmation of the "Courage to Be" (obviously referring to Tillich's book *The Courage to Be*) he loses the "Courage to Think" is, perhaps, quite understandable from the position of disbelief. For the Christian, however, the suggestion smacks of "rationalistic *hybris*."

Professor Tillich writes in Volume I of *Systematic Theology*: "Finitude is essential for reason, as it is for everything that participates in being." As such, reason shares all the ambiguities and paradoxes of existence. The point is precisely that in one's sylvan journey questions are raised for which reason offers insufficient answers. When reason does presume to be self-sufficient, it becomes demoniac.

Bartley's treatment of Dr. Wild's article—"Philosophy of Education in the West: A Desperate Present Need"—is calumnious. First the article describes the existence of "overarching patterns of religious and philosophical thought" in various Eastern cultures and notes the absence of an "overarching view" in the West. Secondly, Wild states that such a vacuum imperils Western civilization, and thirdly, he gives suggestions for meeting this problem. Bartley, however, only reproduces material germane to the article's first section. In this manner and by a clever comparison of statements by President Conant on the Soviet system, which Bartley calls " . . . almost a point by point rebuttal of the kind of theory Professor

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Wild espouses," the reader is led to believe that Wild advocates a compulsory system of education, like that of the Soviet Union, and that a " . . . unifying philosophy [Bartley's words] is a goal to be desired at whatever price. . . . "

The issue of "the committed man as teacher" was discussed in considerable length by Bartley. It is interesting that he neglected the fact that secular commitment is in every measure as thorough as a theological commitment, with the difference that the secular commitment is generally implicit while a theological commitment is explicit.

H. PEARS BREWER

Middler, Harvard Divinity School

SIRS:

MR. BARTLEY begins his discussion of my views on education by a vague reference to my article, "Philosophy of Education in the West" (*Harvard Educational Review*, Spring, 1956) and a general statement that I attribute the troubles of the West "to the West's lack of a monolithic, educational structure similar to that of the Soviets." He justifies this assertion by quoting the third paragraph of my article where I am describing the status of Marxist-Leninist philosophy in present-day Russia, and then by interpreting this description as a statement of my own views on education. Paying no attention to what I say in subsequent pages, he suggests that I am arguing for a philosophy "as uniform as that of the Communists" which is to be taught as a compulsory subject.

I shall simply say that I do not now hold, and never have held such views as he ascribes to me, and certainly did not express any such views in the article to which he refers. This does not mean, of course, that there are no real issues between Mr. Bartley and me. From what he says, I gather that there are such issues, especially concerning the nature of human freedom, individual and social. In my opinion the sort of "procedural faith" which he suggests as "making the conditions for free expression and disagreement possible" will break down unless it is based upon an exact analysis of freedom and on a world view in which such freedom is possible. His remarks seem to imply not only that such an analysis is unnecessary, but that the acceptance of any global world view (*i.e.* philosophy) will lead to "monolithic" tyranny. This is an issue on which living minds are now divided. In my opinion this is an important issue which needs to be discussed openly, radically and intelligently. But such discussion is not furthered by the slanted misreading of the words of an opponent. It does not help to begin a debate by assuming that one whose views of freedom differ from yours must, therefore, be a crypto-Communist defending some form of monolithic tyranny.

JOHN WILD

Professor of Philosophy, Harvard University

Soviet History— The Revised Revision

THE LATEST edition of the Soviet textbook, *History of the USSR*, edited by Academician Anna M. Pankratova, has finally reached this country. "The Pankratova," as the book is known to students throughout Soviet Russia, has been awaited with considerable curiosity. What were the Soviet historians going to do about the official accusations that they had abandoned Marxist "historical materialism" for the "personality cult"? How were they to change the historical narrative to fit in the new, undeified Stalin?

Their troubles started in May, 1955. That month's issue of *Voprosy istorii* (the house organ of the Historical Institute, editor-in-chief, the same Pankratova) upbraided Soviet historians of World War II for doing their "main research in the back numbers of *Pravda* and *Izvestia*" and for "purporting to establish historical facts by quoting commonplaces from official oratory." It also accused "certain historians" of "covering up wholesale massacres and routs of our troops with such phrases as 'active defense' " and of continuing to use phrases like "Stalinist military science" despite the "obvious inadequacy of our equipment and our unpreparedness for modern warfare, in the early stages of the war." But above all else, the Soviet historians were taken to task for "neglecting the economic factor" in the final Soviet victory. A terrible thing to say in a country where "historical materialism" is king and where "scientific historiography is grounded in Marxian economics."

The stage was then set for the 20th Party Congress, held in February, 1956, when Khrushchev's emotional and "secret" outburst against Stalin's misdeeds made the world gape. A great emergency was on. History textbooks glorifying a now dead and desecrated divinity were still in the hands of Soviet students; the enemies of the regime were promenading their I-told-you-so leers. The "leaders" had to act.

The first move was an old reflex one: Empty trucks were sent around to schools and libraries and returned brimming over with "Pankratovas." Next, there came the order: replace the obsolete version. Immediately.

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And so Anna Pankratova and her team of historians set out to patch up the huge holes torn in the "historical" veil they themselves had woven. But even for such as Pankratova, steeped in the tradition of history-rewriting, the task at hand proved Herculean. People like Beria and Malenkov could be extracted from history by changing a couple of epithets, suppressing or inventing a fact or two. They were even adept at making Tito heroic,

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villainous, indifferent, and unmentioned, at will. But with Stalin it was tough. His daydream had pervaded the entire historical edifice. While the historians were fiddling with the loose ends of tales of Soviet heroics and the Marxist-Leninist "scientific" economic facts of life and looking for ways to fit, *post factum,* some new names, such as that of Nikita Khrushchev, into well-known events, the 1956-57 academic year came and went. That year, the lucky Soviet students were spared history in their classes and in their examinations.

And, as the historians kept plugging away at making their tale convincing, another academic year approached. Children could not again go historyless. The scholars made a frantic effort. Pankratova died at her post of command but the book came out in time.

In the latest "Pankratova," Lenin is unmatched in number of mentions and praise (although never equalling Stalin's record in the earlier edition); the revolutionary action in Georgia is relegated to the very edge of the historical visual field; no occasion is found to bring in Stalin's name until it is mentioned in the list of contributors to *Pravda* in 1912, one among others such as Sverdlov and Kalinin. Stalin is also deprived of the leading role in the exposure of his arch-enemy Trotsky: Lenin takes over there too. No longer having to share his infallibility with anyone, he "saw immediately through Trotsky's liquidationist schemes," that is, schemes to "liquidate" the Revolution.

There is only space here to present a couple of illustrations of the historical downgrading of Stalin. Perhaps the most spectacular is his twin loss over the defense of Tsaritsin. During the Civil War, the credit for this victory had gone to Trotsky. Later, Soviet histories, including "The Pankratova" of 1945, had it that the city was held not thanks to, but despite, Trotsky, by Stalin's heroic intervention and "brilliant planning of the defense" which is proved by the fact that Tsaritsin was renamed Stalingrad. Now the defending hero is the present President of the USSR, Voroshilov. Stalin is not made a villain as Trotsky was. He is described as the head of the "food administration" — a historical equivalent of Molotov's recent demotion from foreign minister to Ambassador to Outer Mongolia.

As to the more recent battle of Stalingrad, which a few years ago Russian high school seniors learned was "conceived, planned and supervised by the great Stalin personally," his name does not even appear. Credit goes to Marshal Chuikov who got his appointment and instructions from none other than Comrade Khrushchev whose name had somehow been overlooked previously.

It is also interesting to note how discreetly the emphasis has been taken off everything concerning Stalin including his death, without anything unpleasant being said about the former idol. In the 1954 "Pankratova," Stalin was given a whole chapter opening with a boldface announcement that "the heroic heart of the great Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin has ceased to beat," etc. Now, this chapter has simply been deleted. Nothing is left but one line within the text of the chapter on the Fifth Five-Year Plan. Speaking of the resolution at the 19th Party Congress to drop the word "Bolshevik" from the official name of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, it is stated that: "soon after the 19th Congress, on March 5, 1953, at the age of 74, J. V. Stalin died." That is all. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

To follow the appearance and disappearance of lesser individuals, one has to go to the intermediate editions. Thus Malenkov was amply quoted in the 1954 edition and is silent in the new history. On the other hand, in this version, Khrushchev not only plays an important part during and after the 20th Congress, but works his way deeper into the past, pushing such ephemeral shadows as Malenkov out of his path. Given enough time, Khrushchev may yet become a child prodigy and even Lenin's previously unknown right-hand man in the pre-revolutionary days in his native Ukraine, to which the main action may be transferred if Anna Pankratova has a gifted successor.

The successive historical versions also reflect the changing international picture. From 1945 on, they are more and more hostile toward the West. In the latest book, not only are the "Anglo-American ruling circles vitally interested in keeping up the arms race" but they are made to look vicious and inefficient as far back as possible into the past.

Thus, while in the 1945 edition, the main heroic exploits of the war were performed by the Soviet forces, such Allied operations as the Normandy landing were at least acknowledged as "reflecting high military and technical standards." Today these landings are said to have been made possible only by Soviet mauling of the best German units. And the old contention that the "Anglo-Americans delayed the landings, hoping that the Soviet Union would be weakened," is given historical status.

In the two historical reports of the Teheran Conference, there is a curious substitution of villains. In the 1945 version, "during the talks the air was filled with the intrigue of Hitler's agents trying to sabotage the agreement between the great allies." In the latest edition, "the air was filled with the intrigues of the imperialists, directed mostly by W. Churchill."

These few samples suggest that, insofar as history-writing reflects the regime, the Soviet tyranny is slightly milder, and less insane today than it was in Stalin's day. But if Soviet historiography has become a little less crude, it is still purely didactic and has nothing to do with historical materialism. And certainly even less with an attempt to uncover the truth.

ANDREW R. MACANDREW

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The Disengagement Debate

Finding Safety in Danger

by LOUIS J. HALLE

NO RESPONSIBLE person can express himself publicly today on the implications of nuclear weapons for foreign policy without pausing for a measure of second-thoughtfulness. On this subject the best of us can merely speculate about contingencies that have not been experienced; yet the greatest consequences could hang upon such speculation. I know of no better subject for undogmatic treatment, and this is the treatment that it has, for the most part, been receiving—at least from the thinkers, as distinct from the public demonstrators who know what is right without having to think. Mr. George Kennan, Mr. Dean Acheson, Mr. Denis Healey, Mr. James King and Mr. Klaus Knorr have contributed to the joint process of speculation largely in this spirit, and some of the notable contributions have been appearing in *The New Republic*.

As a debate of this kind moves forward it is useful to identify specific issues clearly and then to look for the underlying differences of outlook that produce them. The following paragraphs represent an attempt to do this for several points in the varied landscape that the present debate covers.

Virtually everyone recognizes today that the threat of massive retaliation, which was never wholly effective in deterring limited aggressions (witness Berlin, Korea and Indo-China), can be of little reliance for that purpose now that the Russians are able to counter it with a like threat. Most of us have felt that the only alternative reliance is on adequate forces for waging limited war. It is at this point that the path of speculation has forked.

The real problem of relying on forces for limited war to deter or meet limited aggression is posed by the immense Communist superiority in conventional forces, the kind we associate with limited war. Apparently the Communists can confront the NATO forces with 10 or 15 divisions to one along the line of the Iron Curtain. We don't have enough conventional strength, then, to deter or meet limited aggression.

One proposed answer has been the development of an arsenal of small nuclear weapons for tactical use against enemy ground forces. The idea is that, if NATO's pitifully few divisions were so equipped, the Communists could find protection against such equipment only in the dispersal of their superior numbers, which means that they could not concentrate them for attack. The effect of a tactical nuclear capability on our side, then, would be to deprive them of the advantage which their numerical superiority would otherwise give them. This is the idea on which American policy is being developed today, as Secretary Dulles indicated in last October's *Foreign Affairs*, and on which NATO planning is based.

In the eyes of some able and intelligent critics it is the wrong choice. It is the wrong choice, they say, for two reasons. One is that, if the other side also has an arsenal of nuclear weapons for tactical use, then the balance remains what it was when neither side had such an arsenal. We have gained nothing. The other and more urgent reason is that, as they see it, even the most selective tactical use of small nuclear weapons is incompatible with the limitation of war. Once you make virtually any active use of nuclear weapons you light a powder-train that leads to the nuclear holocaust. Therefore you might as well start with the great megaton weapons, flung across the globe at strategic targets, as start with any at all. Since we all agree that the nuclear holocaust must be averted, the conclusion is that we must not initiate the use of any at all.

The alternative road is to build up our conventional forces, not to the point where they equal those of the Communists numerically, but to the point where they are strong enough, even without nuclear weapons, to make any limited aggression decisively unattractive to the Communist policy-makers. The only objection here is that, in a test of eight years now, the NATO nations have refused to go up such a steep road. They have balked and failed to provide even the 30 divisions that have been NATO's goal! We are faced with the fact that this road has so far proved politically impassable, however much we may feel that it should not be or need not be impassable. And this tempts one to look hard at the other road, to ask, in the first instance, whether it really is true that any tactical use of small nuclear weapons would be incompatible with the limitation of war.

LOUIS J. HALLE, *author of* Choice for Survival, *was a member of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff until 1954. He is presently Visiting Professor at the Institute of Higher International Studies at Geneva on leave of absence from his post as Research Professor at the University of Virginia.*

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I suggest that the difference between those who say it would be and those who say it wouldn't is, in part at least, a difference of view on the question of what keeps a war limited.

We must bear in mind, when we examine the proposition that any use of nuclear weapons is incompatible with limiting war, that

1. nuclear weapons of approximately one-twentieth the explosive power of those used on Japan in 1945 have now been developed;

2. that the most powerful conventional (chemical) bombs today are more powerful than the least powerful nuclear bombs; and

3. that nuclear weapons may be used for limited defensive purposes, as in the warheads of ground-fired anti-aircraft missiles.

THOSE who believe that certain uses of nuclear weapons would not necessarily be incompatible with the limitation of war are inclined to ask why a restricted explosive produced by atomic fission should necessarily be incompatible with limitation when a greater and more damaging explosion produced by chemical reaction was not. It is the use and the effect of the explosion, the damage done by it, that counts (they say), not the abstruse technical means by which it was produced (except as people's minds have been conditioned, for the time being, by what Mr. Lester Pearson has called "the mystique of the atom").

To this the other school is apt to reply that the "family" of conventional weapons is limited in its power. Consequently, if warfare is confined to this "family" a limit is automatically imposed on it by the inherent "family" limitations. But nuclear weapons belong to quite another "family," one that has no upward limitation to its power. No matter how small the particular nuclear weapon that you explode, and no matter how restricted the circumstances in which you explode it, by introducing its use into war at all you introduce the "family" as such, and the "family" is unlimited. After it has been introduced there is no longer any inherent and categorical "cut-off point" in the power of the weapons used, and this school conceives that categorical "cut-off points" are essential to the limitation of war. While not going so far as to say that the limitation of war depends on law, it does believe that it depends on clearly defined and mutually understood categories based on a common system of classification.

Everything depends, then, on whether one thinks of actual damage done or of "families." Everything depends on whether one thinks of limited war in terms of the extent to which the actions of the one side push the other so hard as to drive it into acts of uncontrolled desperation, or whether one thinks of it in terms of broad and semantically distinct categories of action. Everything depends on whether one thinks of actual explosions only (in a continuous gradation) or of "families" of explosions taxonomically distinct from each other. If one is thinking in these taxonomic terms, then the detonation over London of a nuclear anti-aircraft weapon to defend it against attacking Soviet bombers would remove an essential limitation by introducing into the combat a family whose bigger members Moscow would now be free to use without compunction.

Which school is right?

I suspect that the anti-nuclear school has much reason on its side, that in most circumstances the limitation of war is less sure if any nuclear weapons at all are used. But the concepts of this school seem to me too rigid and categorical for the reality of a complex world. Poison-gases, after all, were entirely excluded from use in World War II. It would surely have been a far more delicate business to have undertaken the use of only some of their genera or species while attempting to exclude others. However, it may well be that the defensive use of a particular poison-gas that, let us say, nauseated invading enemy troops for a few hours would not necessarily have entailed the use against cities of some other gas that annihilated everyone.

What one must say, I think, is that any use of nuclear weapons in a war probably would increase the risk that it would become unlimited. How much it would increase that risk would depend on a multitude of contingencies, material and psychological.

Under present circumstances, however, Western military forces must have the entire range of nuclear weapons with their attendant apparatus at hand, even though the Western decision is not to initiate their use, just in case the enemy does initiate their use (or to reduce the temptation for him to do so). And, simply by having them on hand, ready to use, they will have served the greater part of their purpose, inhibiting the massing by the Communists of their quantitatively superior manpower. The decision whether or not to make a restricted tactical use of some of them, whether or not to take such additional risk of unlimited war as might be involved in such use, could then be made when the occasion arose in the light of various circumstances, including the degree to which the action of the enemy had made our plight desperate.

Turn now to the other argument against reliance on the tactical use of nuclear weapons, the argument that our advantage in having such a capability is neutralized if the other side has it too, as the Russians do in some measure at least.

On the face of it, such a capability seems to favor the side that is defending territory over the side that is trying to seize it. The defenders can "dig in" for protection against nuclear weapons because they don't have to move forward. But if the attacking troops are forced to "dig in" their attack has been frustrated. The nuclear capability, to the extent that it immobilizes troops, favors the defender. Again, if the attacker cannot concentrate his

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forces for a break-through, then the defense is favored.

The validity of this attractive view has been denied by competent experts, but for the most part one finds a hesitation to develop a logical argument against it. One is told that, unless the defender built underground fortifications of almost prohibitive cost, the attacker could blast a hole in his lines with a nuclear barrage and send his troops sidling through it without presenting an excessively vulnerable target for nuclear weapons. Or the whole concept is dismissed as a "Maginot Line concept."

I am reluctant to dismiss it so easily. If the only way to defend is by offensive tactics, by moving forward, then we ought to consider the abandonment of NATO. With the neutralization of the great deterrent the NATO forces no longer serve as an effective "trip-wire" in case of limited aggression, and nobody contemplates an offensive capability for them. But the fact is that, under circumstances in which the defender has a strong enough defensive position, the Maginot Line concept may be quite effective. The Swiss have effectively deterred aggression by little Maginot Lines in Alpine passes. The French built their Maginot Line three-quarters of the way across their front and it was never tested because the Nazis marched around it.

That technical experts know best is an argument which anyone who has studied military history or participated intensively in government may well find inconclusive. Nevertheless, I can accord a measure of faith to the experts and am willing, therefore, to suppose that the defender has no advantage. In a full trial of strength, therefore, it is clear that the defender could not hold his own. If the attacker insisted on gaining his objectives he would gain them. He would "win."

AT THIS point the delicacy of the attacker's position becomes apparent, for it is a question whether he dare take the risks involved in "winning" against a defender who, however much weaker, still has a wide range of nuclear capabilities and is not immediately ready to surrender. What is the use of vastly superior force if you do not dare push your opponent too hard? With the threat that any war, however small, will get out of control, the limiting factor on an attacker is no longer the limit of his strength. The limiting factor is his prudence, which will keep him from going to the limit of his strength. And the greater the evident capabilities and determination of the defender, however inadequate in a full test of strength, the more this limiting factor may be expected to limit. I rather think, again, that the defender's possession of a tactical nuclear capability must in itself exercise a substantial inhibiting influence on a potential or an actual attacker. Perhaps, then, "out of this nettle—danger—we pluck this flower—safety."

In the spirit of tentative speculation in which these remarks are set down, one who is not prepared to reveal, at last, the Truth about Disengagement may nevertheless make a comment on the subject.

The policy of plucking safety from danger may have a limited appeal for those who have become sufficiently alarmed by a danger. The natural impulse is to draw back from it rather than advance toward it or stand firm. But that way, it seems to me, the paradox may be reversed, and in what looked like safety one may find danger. The prime example is British and French policy from the time of Hitler's occupation of the Rhineland until the Anglo-French "disengagement" from Czechoslovakia at Munich in 1938.

I think, myself, that there is more danger in any abrupt movement of recoil by the West than in standing firm and working patiently with time. I cannot fully agree with Mr. Healey that a liberal evolution of the situation in the satellites is precluded by the continued presence of the Red Army, and that an uncontrollable explosion is made more likely. Where he looks at Hungary I look at Poland.

But I find that he presents a case for "disengagement" to which I can almost subscribe by limiting it for the present and making it gradual over the years. Though not a Socialist, I yield to no man in my Fabianism. The most dangerous notion is that of "a general settlement now" which most advocates of "disengagement" have in mind. (We still haven't got a "general settlement" with Islam, but what ever happened to the danger that at one time was no less than the present Communist threat?) If "disengagement" is "disengagement eventually," then everyone is for it. "Disengagement eventually" is what the policy of "containment" has looked toward. As Mr. Healey points out, it is what Mr. Acheson advocates.

The point of difference is that Mr. Healey urges some preliminary moves in this direction forthwith and says what they should be. He wants to get moving. Though I am less sanguine than he is here, I am nevertheless not prepared to take categorical issue with him. We ought to be continuously prepared to cooperate in this direction with the Russians as and when such cooperation becomes possible. I grow alarmed only when an excess of eagerness on our part, accompanied by public clamor for an immediate general settlement, saps our negotiating strength and points the way to another Munich. Our firmness has not suddenly become "intolerable," as some would have it. We ought to be prepared to continue standing firm while, at the same time, being willing to make reciprocal concessions to the Russians. If that is our policy, then we may end up by finding that Mr. Kennan, Mr. Healey, Mr. King, Mr. Knorr, Mr. Dulles, and Mr. Acheson are not really so far apart after all.

Of one thing only do I feel sure for the moment: whatever our policy, we had better call it "disengagement." People give their allegiance to words, and the astute statesman learns that he can do much as he pleases just as long as he calls what he does by the right name.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

The Cold Eye of Mary McCarthy

by Robert E. Fitch

GREAT LITERATURE springs from and speaks to the head, the heart, the guts, and the groin of the whole man. It is a peculiarity of some modern literature that it skips the two intermediate organs, and concentrates on the brain and the groin. Cerebro-genital one might call such literature. Mary McCarthy is one of its most skillful practitioners.

Apart from these anatomical considerations there are good reasons why we should take a close look at her work. She has that "verbal gift" the lack of which she deplores in O'Neill and Dreiser. Unlike them she has a feeling for "the word, the sentence, the speech, the paragraph." At this point her training in the classical tradition of literature sets her off from a host of her contemporaries. She can, when it suits her, attach a long list of adjectives to a noun; but it is done, not in mechanical catalog, nor in adolescent exuberance, but with each application fresh, vivid, apt. She can shape a sentence to do a plain task, or else to cut and glitter, quotable, like an epigram. She knows the uses of symbolism in an object, an event, a person. Above all she has the Latin and Gallic talent for portraiture—shown at its best in the account of her Jewish grandmother—with every feature marked in precision and vitality.

There are times, however, when we are tempted to speak of her artistry rather than of her art. She has, indeed, the gift of verbal magic. But there is also a magic of the heart, a magic of the affections. This she does not know. Her lines do not ever sing. The intelligence in her writings is an intelligence without love, and the sex in her writings is a sex without love. In these tales love is mostly an illusion, and a couple of short stories, "The Genial Host" and "The Friend of the Family," suggest that even a disinterested benevolence is a mask for a predator. Yet for all that, hers is a most rare and precious magic.

In command of this magic is an imperial integrity of intellect. Mary McCarthy presumably runs with the liberal left. Yet her writings show her to be extraordinarily free from the clichés, the shibboleths, the doctrinaire fads of emancipated minds. She could tear down O'Neill and Dreiser when it was in style to build them up. Today she can find Sartre's sense of sin "rudimentary," and accuse Tennessee Williams, at the height of his success, of being "addicted to the embroidering lie." There may have been a time when she swore allegiance to Freud and to Marx, the two great idols of this age, but there is no evidence that either one ever took possession of the frame of reference of her own thought. She has one character refer to her psychoanalyst as a "blundering sophomore," and she can compare the *Communist Manifesto*, in its function as an anodyne, to the *Reader's Digest*. Nor is she impressed at all by the current vogue of religion. As this is exploited by Graham Greene she finds it "a form of obscenity . . . the new pornography." Indeed, for an atheist she has an impeccably good taste in theology.

HOWEVER, it is her latest volume, *Memories of A Catholic Girlhood*, which speaks most shrewdly of the integrity of her intelligence. The amazing thing here is not what she has done but what she has not done with her experiences. In all the ordeal of her youth there may have been moments of beauty or of insight; there was scarcely one of love. The adhesive tape over her lips, the hairbrush over her legs, the razor strop over her behind, administered by Uncle Myers and Aunt Margaret, are the weapons of a physical brutality but also the symbols of a fearful cruelty to the mind and the spirit through which she passed. Yet it never occurs to her, in the modern manner, to sink supine into self-pity, to yammer and yowl, to spit blasphemies and spew obscenities, to jeer at all the crowd of the curious as they gather to watch her wallow in the marvelous mess into which such a one has converted her own life. Rather than sink down so under the bludgeonings of fortune, she thrusts out to what Richard Hayes has called the "extremest reaches of intelligence and perception," and dwells there perhaps alone but at least with self-respect.

Yet she could not escape scot-free the clutch of modern circumstance. As she understands quite well, she is an Eve with two faces. Like many of her contemporaries she has a schism in the soul. It is this, when she visits Venice, that attracts her to Veronese: "the combination of thoughtfulness and animal vitality — the Renaissance tragic paradox."

SO MUCH is dualism a part of her that, as she writes dramatic criticism, she wants to take an Iago and split him in two. The symbols for her own life, as she reports them, are Lord Byron, "brilliant but unsound," together with Catiline, "the damned soul, proud and unassimilable, the marked, gifted man." And on the other hand: her Protestant grandfather Preston, "just, laconic, severe, magnanimous, detached"—like Julius Caesar, whose writings gave her "the first piercing contact with an impersonal reality." In this second set of symbols there were the rule of law, the objective temperament, the calm common sense and practicality. So strong is this tension between the flesh and the spirit in Mary McCarthy and so resolute is her acceptance of it that one can almost hear her cry out, like a character in her tale of a psychiatrist's couch, "Preserve me in disunity!"

At any rate the character-patterns in her fiction exhibit the dualism of Veronese between "animal vitality" and "thoughtfulness." Only there is never any union of these two qualities. In her memoirs, Uncle Myers, who is repulsive, and the Jewish grandmother, who is harmonious like a work of art, represent the animal level. And in her other writings so do the Man in the Brooks Brothers Shirt, Miss Grabbe in "The Cicerone," Vincent Keogh who is the proletarian poet in *The Groves of Academe*, and, in different ways, both Miles and the Portuguese cleaning-

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woman in *A Charmed Life*. The other characters are preponderantly eggheads —intelligent, sensitive, perceptive, but usually misguided and ineffectual. It is the animal types alone who are serene and self-assured; the intellectuals are troubled and uncertain. Miss McCarthy mingles them in a manner which suggests the Paris of the *Candide*—"où des singes agacent des tigres." And of course it is only a rational animal who can make a monkey of himself.

The extreme animal end of this dualism in human nature is the genital. For Mary McCarthy, as for Schopenhauer, sex is the highest grade of the objectification of the Will-to-Live. This sexual urgency presents its challenge to the ideal and the rational in "The Cicerone," in "The Man in the Brooks Brothers Shirt," and in *A Charmed Life*. In each case the animal shows a vitality that is superior to the rational. As Miss McCarthy expresses it in a discussion in *The New Republic* of Voltaire's *Candide*, "The Jack-in-the-box is a penis. It gets you into trouble and gets you out of it." When she goes on to tell us that in this tale this is "Voltaire's only affirmation," she has, of course, leaped clean out of the 18th Century and the Age of Reason and planted herself in our own Age of Unreason in company with all the cultists of the sex fetish—Schopenhauer, perhaps Darwin, certainly Freud, Walt Whitman, D. H. Lawrence. Only, unlike these first founders of the cult, she cannot discern in sex any large meaning for human nature and destiny.

AGAIN it is characteristic of the times that sex should be related, not to love, but to science. What fascinates us is the interaction of the cerebral and the genital. Those intermediate affairs, the affections and the fighting guts, have disappeared from the picture. This is the season of the twilight of love, the season of Dr. Kinsey and the "biologic" approach. But when the brain in human nature confronts the biologic in human nature, what happens? Miss McCarthy's *reductio ad nauseam* of this tension is found in a short story in the *Partisan Review* entitled "Dottie Makes an Honest Woman of Herself," which deals with the etiquette of free and rational love and with its problems of the pessary and the douche-bag. What comes to a focus in this tale, however, is a pervasive pattern in all her writing. When sex meets science, then sex can make reason ludicrous, irrelevant, can humiliate it, overthrow it. But reason cheats sex of glamor, deprives it of the illusion of love, sterilizes it. For the rational refuses to be implicated in the animal, and intelligence is always a spectator even in the act of sexual intercourse.

Indeed, intelligence is a spectator even of its own activity. For at this other pole of the dualism, which is the cerebral, we have a mind that is intensely self-critical. The important development here, as is confessed in effect in *Sights and Spectacles*, is the shift from a coherence to a correspondence theory of truth. Logical consistency must always be subordinate to a facing of the facts. The rationally ordered society is the chief resource for satire. In *The Oasis* and in *A Charmed Life* the disintegrating factor may be exogenous; in *The Groves Of Academe* it is endogenous, deriving from some inner dialectic. But tidy patterns of coherence are always suspect. As a French proverb tells us, *le raisonnement va plus loin que la raison*. And when reasoning exceeds the bounds of reason, it must end in absurdity.

Since this reason is closely allied to common sense and never loses sight of fact and of contingency, it is forever at war with all formal creeds. So Miss McCarthy tears apart everything from Kant's categorical imperative to the Marxian party line. She goes after permissive parenthood, progressive education, free love, modern marriage, casual adultery, divorce à la mode, and liberalism in theology, in politics, in pedagogy, and in psychotherapy. Nothing could be more savage than her annihilation of analysis in "Ghostly Father, I Confess"

> First comes the anesthetic, the sweet, optimistic laughing-gas of science (you are not bad, you are merely unhappy, the bathtub murderer is "sick," the Dead End Kid is a problem child, poor Hitler is a paranoiac, and that dirty fornication in a hotel room, why, that, dear Miss Sargent, is a "relationship"). After consciousness has been put to sleep, it is a very easy matter (just look the other way, please; it isn't going to hurt, but the sight of the instruments seems to disturb excitable people like yourself), it is a very easy matter to cut out the festering conscience, which was of no use to you at all, and was only making you suffer. Then the patient takes a short rest and emerges as a cured neurotic; the personality has vanished, but otherwise he is perfectly normal. . . .

This ought to make clear why Mary McCarthy is not so popular as she

Museum Piece

THE EYE that made this knew no pallor,
But golden and blue paint;
Now on the dry wood the color
Is blurred, cracked, faint.

Yet under the scratches our close study
Retrieves for our curious eyes
God raising the small from the larger body,
And there the new Eve lies.

Would we smile fondly in our pride?
Ours is a long descent,
Worked in the flesh of a tiny bride
Scarce fit for ravishment,

And she, discovering she was woman,
Measured the strength of will
By which we estimate the human
And sorrow and courage still.

But listen; beneath the archaic scratches,
Time's gossamer filigree,
Eve in a lost child's voice beseeches
Someone to set her free.

HAYDEN CARRUTH

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might be with other professionally free spirits. For instead of attacking traditional orthodoxies, she turns her ridicule against the rituals, the tabus, and the credulities of the intelligentsia. She is a traitor to her own class.

Of course the quality of her satire is defined by the cerebro-genital emphasis, which excludes the affections and the moral emotions. For satire is intelligence without tenderness, without humility. Robert Halsband may speak of Miss McCarthy's "pitiless humility," but such humility is still self-centered and therefore un-humble. Phyllis McGinley, in a review of *Memories of A Catholic Girlhood*, may speak of a "relentless compassion"; but, if it is relentless, it is predatory, imperialistic, and without compassion. Indeed, these emotions lie beyond the awareness of a Mary McCarthy.

But if satire is intelligence without tenderness, we may also say that the greatest satire, like that in Swift or in Huxley, derives from a profound moral passion. This is what gives it the *saeva indignatio*. Miss McCarthy, however, has not this moral passion. In *The Oasis* she remarks the instability of ethical idealism, and suggests that it is better to focus on material realities like furniture, cheese, wine, books. Consequently while her satire may qualify as *saeva*, it rarely has the *indignatio*. In one phase it belongs to what Ernest Earnest has called "The Catty School of Writing," where, instead of sharing the human predicament, one "looks down upon it from the height of three martinis." But as Mary McCarthy matures, and especially as she looks back on her childhood in the *Memories*, the cattiness gives way, not quite to compassion, but to a blend of irony and pity. Or call it simply the cold eye.

But what is the perspective from which this eye looks out on life? We have two of the co-ordinates of its frame of reference—the cerebral and the genital. If we urge that there must be something else that defines and delimits, Miss McCarthy would probably say no. Commenting on the *Candide*, she has written, "there are no *real truths* in Voltaire, only sad facts that must be faced gaily and politely." She could not possibly be more mistaken. For Voltaire, as for all the notable figures in the Age of Reason—as, indeed, for all great satirists—there are always *real truths*. Voltaire's were the truths of Reason, Nature, and Humanity, as well as the truths of God, Freedom, and Immortality. Taking a firm stance with these truths he could strike out boldly at all lies, all impositions, all half-truths, all infamous things. Indeed, without some such set of truths, there can be no meaningful facts, either sad or glad, to be taken gaily or to be endured grimly.

If the cold eye of Mary McCarthy envisages no such truths, then it has no common ground to share with another. Its only authority derives from the self —her own self—and this authority must be asserted in shrill or in eloquent iteration. If we are to invite others to share our point of view, there must be some objective merit in the invitation. And if we pretend that we really have no point of view at all, this amounts to declaring that the self which defines our perspective is a wayward and irresponsible self. Of course it may set up to be a self of very superior intelligence, and admit to its company a small band of the élite who can share in the unique vision. In this case the ultimate appeal of the perspective must be to the pride of those who, looking upon their own nothingness, are complacent in the thought that they are better than others who are not honest nor perceptive enough to see the void in themselves.

At this point Mary McCarthy, who is so brilliant and penetrating and persistent a critic of the foibles of her time, at last succumbs to the spirit of the times. She is one with her contemporaries in her dualism—in the schism between the flesh and the spirit, the severance of the body from the mind, the sharp separation of the cerebral and the genital. She is also one with them in the positivism of her philosophic temper. No doubt her perspective is defined solely by her self. It is also a perspective in which the actors—no matter how vital their animality or their intelligence —are marked, in Sam Astrachan's phrase, as "rootless, hopeless, and loveless." And this reason of hers, when its bright blade has at last cut down every folly that stands before it, what may it next do? Then reason can only turn and fall on its own sword.

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Lincoln & Douglas: Backward Space Travel

by Richard L. Strout

MORE AND MORE my children are living ahead in time—more and more my own space travel is backward. They imagine themselves superior beings a century hence; I a century ago. They fall asleep dreaming of planetoids; I drop off (to make a confession) covering the Lincoln-Douglas debates.

The actual coverage of these debates, I may say, was terrible. "Friday was the opening day for the joint discussion at Freeport between Douglas and Lincoln,"

Created Equal? The Complete Lincoln-Douglas Debates of 1858, by Paul M. Angle (Chicago; $7.50).

was the leisurely lead of the *Chicago Times*. The rival *Chicago Press & Tribune* began—"The second great debate between Lincoln and Douglas came off at Freeport, on Friday afternoon. The day broke chilly, cloudy and lowering."

The meterological detail was at least novel. This, you remember, was the Senate race which made Lincoln's name a household word and elected him President in 1860 though he lost the Illinois battle. The *Chicago Journal* gave the thing the works with this shocker: "There was an immense assemblage of people of Northern Illinois at Freeport yesterday."

It is too much for a Washington reporter. Let the children dream of their space ships *("Quick, the disintegrator ray, Mary—the Martians are gaining on us!")*. I herewith form the Adult Backward Spaceflight Society with the aid of Paul M. Angle's book. Where's my portable? I'm off for Freeport.

The Lincoln-Douglas excursion leaves from the Wells Street depot, Chicago; round trip fare, $4.35 . . . Kerosene lamps, engine smoke, lumpy rails. Then—

Friday morning, August 27, 1858. Freeport. One hundred years ago.

The train halts in a prairie town set in rustling corn; pumps, privies and blacksmith forges; farmers in boots; families with lunchbaskets; hawkers; mud from the morning's drizzle; the belching 12-pound Douglas cannon lashed to a flat car; acrid horse smells, flies, stable droppings, lines of carriages. A Fair Day atmosphere but underneath something disturbing. What's that distant rumble—Armageddon?

"How yer going to earn two dollars a day in Illinois, Sam, when it costs only 10 cents a day to keep a nigger in Missouri?"

That's the setting. At 1:30 a cheer rises at the spanking new Brewster House (four stories: balcony and brass spittoons). Down the street comes a Conestoga wagon drawn by six farm horses. Who's the man inside dressed like Lincoln? It *is* Lincoln.

What a shock, a tall, gaunt—why, an *uncouth* figure. His clothes are too small. His wrists stick out of his rusty coat . . . Gone again in a minute, leaving an image of an elongated, stringy figure, smiling and waving, a long, tanned neck stretched out of the collar, trouser legs so short they reveal the heavy boots. And what black, bushy eyebrows!

"Douglas is no beauty," writes a correspondent of Horace Greeley's *NY Tribune,* who is scouting the debates, "but he certainly has the advantage of Lincoln in looks. Very tall and awkward with a face of grotesque ugliness . . ."

And a dispatch to the *NY Post* (editor: William Cullen Bryant)—

"[Lincoln's face is] sharp, large-featured and unprepossessing . . . In repose I must confess that 'Long Abe's' appearance is *not* comely."

Well, after him then and take a second look. (A reporter can squirm through any crowd, in any century.) Here we are, folks, with Horace White and Bob Hitt of the pro-Lincoln *Chicago Press & Tribune;* Henry Binmore and Jim Sheridan of the pro-Douglas *Chicago Times* and a semi-circle of local dignitaries in black frock coats and stove pipe hats, of the little pine plank platform in a sea of faces. Honor the names of these reporters: Their bias was fantastic but for all that they made "phonographic" (shorthand) transcripts in the first US political campaign where correspondents traveled with candidates and took down exact texts. We have lost the sound of Lincoln's voice but not his words. The accurate speeches comprise two-thirds of Mr. Angle's book. Pity that Mr. Angle doesn't include more background and local color! I am filling in the details from other sources. Even the 1908 reprint of the debates put out by the Illinois State Historical Society included more color than the present Angle text.

Douglas bounces up on to the platform, the image of short-legged self-assurance. He is nationally known—the best parliamentary gladiator in the Senate. Lincoln ought to, but doesn't, show fear. He towers above Douglas, as angular as a hat rack. Eastern newsmen can't take their eyes off him: then as now they are instinctively looking for Presidential material. Has this strange Western portent, this "Honest Abe," got the stuff—? His face is arresting: large nose and ears, profuse oily black locks, prominent cheek bones, a wen on the right cheek on the deep furrow between nostril and mouth; expression agreeable enough—almost gentle—but with eyes deep-set and melancholy.

Lincoln and Douglas can throw their voices to the far limit of this crowd for an hour and a half and think nothing of it. Iron men—but an iron crowd, too, ready to stand three hours and listen. True it has few competing attractions—no movies, radio or TV—but it isn't exactly idle; nothing to do but a 12-hour farm day, then slop the pigs, milk the cows and tumble into bed at nine!

THE FACT IS that a fever is rising in America's blood; the country is groping for leadership. Who is the better man, Lincoln or Douglas? It must decide. Up to a point the candidates are alike, neither man would split the Union; neither one would give the Negro equality whether politically or socially. But whereas Douglas accepts slavery with easy indifference, something in it tortures Lincoln. That is the contrast. In one of his reveries something has touched Lincoln, and it is coming through now and rousing the people.

The tall man rises—he has the first hour.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Lincoln begins.

He starts quietly enough for he has a

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lot of space to cover. Last week Douglas put seven questions to him and now he starts on them, gathering momentum. A century hence people will think of him as calm and composed, frozen in marble. Not in his debates with Douglas, not at this stage of his career! Angular arms flail his angular body, his mobile face beads with sweat, he bends in excitement. His voice is not displeasing but certainly not musical—it rises in pitch with emphasis—but it has this one virtue, it is penetrating: you can see the people at the rim of the crowd hear him.

He puts questions now to Douglas (who listens with assumed indifference). There are four of them, and the second will make history:

> Can the people of a United States territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formulation of a state constitution?

A "No" means slavery can be extended over the Union, a "Yes" means Douglas defies the Supreme Court's recent decision in the Dred Scott case.

The audience understands. They stir and Lincoln's supporters cry "Good! Good!"

Now it is Douglas's turn. He will reply for an hour and a half. He is dressed in the best Washington can supply with an aristocratic ruffled shirt.

He starts with a characteristic ferocious rush that brings his supporters up cheering. The power of the man is instantly visible; only 45 (Lincoln is 49) and he already holds the Democratic Presidential nomination in his hand if he can win this Senate race.

The scene cries for a Dickens. Only he could draw the comical contrast, the bull-like roars of pudgy Douglas, the jack-in-the-box trick of Lincoln, first bending, then rising tip-toe and snapping his knees together to emphasize a point . . . the responsive, tobacco-chewing American crowd.

Douglas reaches Lincoln's second question and pauses blandly. Slaves in free territories? he repeats, it is no problem at all! Let the Supreme Court assert, if it wants, he says, that slaveholders have the right to bring their chattels into free territory. But suppose the territory in question refuses to give *local enforcement?*

"Slavery cannot exist a day or an hour anywhere," he thunders, "unless it is supported by local regulations!" He has said it. It is a doctrine of local repudiation, though he does not call it that. He adds, with characteristic audacity, "I hope Mr. Lincoln deems my answer satisfactory on that point?"

Shouts . . . The chairman fights for order.

I can imagine an electric moment like that in a modern political campaign with the bunched reporters exchanging a startled glance and then bursting for the phone booths.

How would a reporter today handle it? Well, here is a modest try—

WESTERN UNION

NIGHT PRESS RATE COLLECT

FREEPORT, ILL AUG 27, 1858—

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, FRONT-RUNNING DEMOCRATIC ASPIRANT FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION TWO YEARS HENCE, TODAY VOICED A DOCTRINE OF LOCAL DETERMINATION ON SLAVERY ENFORCEMENT IN SEEMING DEFIANCE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

PRESSED BY EX-CONGRESSMAN A. LINCOLN, REPUBLICAN OPPONENT IN THE ILLINOIS SENATORIAL RACE, DOUGLAS SAID THAT FREE TERRITORIES CAN LIMIT THE AREA OF THE DRED SCOTT DECISION BY GIVING OR WITHHOLDING LOCAL POLICE SUPPORT.

DOUGLAS WAS ENTHUSIASTICALLY CHEERED BY SUPPORTERS IN A CROWD ESTIMATED BY POLICE CHIEF SMUDGE AT 15,000, BUT LONG-RANGE REPERCUSSIONS CANNOT BE GAUGED IN THE FACE OF THE "HOUSE-DIVIDED" THESIS BEING EXPOUNDED BY HIS LEFT-WING ANTAGONIST, HOMESPUN ABRAM LINCOLN.

(NEWS DESK: PLEASE DECIDE USAGE FIRST NAME LINCOLN. "ABRAM" USED INTERCHANGEABLY HERE. REGARDS. STROUT)

There, that's about the way we'd write it today, even including a "repercussions" (without which modern political reporting isn't genuine). The fact is Douglas has won a Senate seat and lost the Presidency all in one question and answer. Southern Democrats won't take him now. Lincoln has a final 30 minute rejoinder. He steps forward again amid "vociferous cheers." Then a hush.

"My friends, it will readily occur to you that I cannot, in half an hour, notice all the things that so able a man as Judge Douglas can say in an hour and a half . . ."

Good-tempered; always good-tempered! It disturbs Douglas. Such opponents are the most dangerous. Yet Douglas can't dislike Lincoln. It will lead to the finest moment in Douglas's life after Fort Sumter falls, when he backs the man who blocked his career.

One thing is evident, anyway. Lincoln is a match for Douglas and can stir a crowd to its roots without rabble-rousing.

Here is how a political talent scout of the *NY Post* summed it up for his Eastern readers (after apologizing for Lincoln's looks)—

> Stir him up and the fire of genius plays on every feature. . . . You have before you a man of rare power and a strong magnetic influence. He takes the people every time. . . . Listening to him on Saturday (at Ottawa, Ill.) calmly and unprejudiced, I am convinced he has no superior as a stump speaker. . . . His language is eloquent and at perfect command. He is altogether a more fluent speaker than Douglas . . . and in all the arts of debate fully his equal.

The long speeches end, the weary crowd suddenly loses cohesion and turns back into individuals. It moves out slowly to be lost on the lonely prairie. The Freeport debate is history.

Reverse rocket engines, Mary, the Martians have fled. (Yawn) *We're going to land now.*
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in its grave.

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ART

The Taste of an Angel

ELSEWHERE in this journal, Helen Hill Miller has been exploring the money problems of American cultural institutions in an age when strong popular support must be found to replace the heavily sugared "angel" of the past. Mrs. Miller's basic premise, certainly correct, is that the angels have departed the earth and we must somehow contrive to fly ourselves. The curious 19th Century gospel of wealth is all but a museum piece itself. Its few not serious but passionately sincere spokesmen dream idle dreams of the withering away of the state and of an apocalyptic spree of union busting, but not one of them speaks for the second half of Carnegie's revelation: great wealth means great responsibility and a responsibility far beyond that of hanging on to the dough.

In dismantling the gospel of wealth through collective bargaining, taxes and tax exemptions, we have—unions, government, all of us—automatically assumed ourselves the burdens that should have been ours in the first place. If the cultural institution in an age of transition finds that scratching the earth tends to break fingernails, this is really a small price to pay for a closer approximation to a living wage. Yet, when an angel in the grand tradition lived on into the age of taxes and continued to accept and discharge great responsibility, he merits salute and his works merit respectful examination.

Such an angel was the late Leonard C. Hanna, Jr., of Cleveland.

Several separately developing lines reached a climax at once in Cleveland since last October. It was then that Hanna died, after a lifetime of exemplary support of the Museum of Art. The support was exemplary not only in the scale and the regularity, but in the style. If there was one thing wrong with the old angel system, it was that the angel usually had angelically clear ideas about what his money ought and ought not to be spent for, Hanna, doubtless, had them too, but his overriding interest was the building of the museum along the ideas of the staff, especially William M. Milliken, director.

Since Hanna's death, the Museum has reopened after being closed for almost two years during the construction of a new wing doubling its size and about half paid for by Hanna gifts. The opening displayed a staggering selection of the museum's holdings in all departments, many items given by Hanna through the years. At the same time it was announced that he had left the museum another $20 million, giving it an annual operating budget of a million and an annual acquisitions budget a little higher. In addition his personal collection came to the institution and has been on exhibition. Finally, the guiding genius of the whole enterprise, Milliken, retired after almost 40 years of service.

THE NEW BUILDING frankly lacks the architectural eclat of Saarinen's Milwaukee Art Center or of Frank Lloyd Wright's Guggenheim. It is built in a style which is bound to become widespread in the new-wing boom which is bound to develop in American museums in the next half century. The style is a sort of retreat from ecleticism. The new wing is rectangularly modern yet it doesn't break with the neo-classic original building; indeed it emphasizes the long box nature of the original rather than the façade element of columns and ornamental peaks which must have dominated when the place was built.

Inside, in addition to the well publicized closed-circuit television guarding system, the most notable features are three: the complete flexibility of space breaking walls and lighting, the use of filtered daylight whenever possible through clerestory windows above lay lights in the ceiling, and a pleasant variety of materials in floors and walls. The last note I found perceptibly to increase attention span, which suffers in a big museum the same way it suffers on a long parkway.

Hanna's own taste, as distinct from the donated masterpieces from all places and periods, seems to have been essentially what has recently become the millionaire's favorite, mostly French painting a little before and through Impressionism, Post-Impressionism, Neo-Impressionism, Intimism, Fauvism, early Cubism and so on right up to about 1930, at which point everything stops.

What is interesting is not the affinity between money and that century of French painting. What is interesting is the cutoff point, because it is operative in the Cleveland Museum as a whole.

Since the pioneering efforts of the Museum of Modern Art and the Whitney, a great deal has been written and put into practice about the institution's duty to artists of its own time and there's much truth in the general idea. Whether that truth ought to be parlayed into an overall bias in permanent collections is another matter. In the first place, the institution does not exist solely in and for its own time. It is constantly engaged in re-examining and re-exposing the past and it is building for a future that simple humility teaches it cannot begin to understand in advance. And then, ultimately, we are all so much the slaves of fashion in art as in much else that only overweening presumption can pretend to deal directly with transcendental values as they appear in the fashionable. We all rail from time to time at the collectors and museum men of 100 to 40 years ago and at the frightful things with which they stocked *our* museums, but by and large those men were acquiring the art of their day, supporting the best known artists of their time and making an all out effort to keep up to date. Within 20th Century art nothing is more thoroughly of the past than Futurism.

EXCEPT for a consistent and productive patronage of Cleveland area artists, Milliken and his museum largely opted for the past, taking full advantage of hindsight to enhance the free future of the institution. On the basis of the full dress review of the collections that opened the new building, it's hard to call them wrong.

FRANK GETLEIN

Notes on Contributors

ROBERT E. FITCH is Dean of the Pacific School of Religion and the author of a controversial book about American literature, *The Decline and Fall of Sex*. HAYDEN CARRUTH, formerly editor of *Poetry* magazine, is writing a book about Ezra Pound. RICHARD L. STROUT is a veteran Washington reporter.

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MUSIC

The Good Soldier Schweik

ROBERT KURKA died last December, at the age of 35, when he was just off to a good start. His first big posthumous performance took place last week when his opera, *The Good Soldier Schweik,* was given its premiere at the New York City Center. Jaroslav Hasek, the author of the novel on which the opera was based, had died before completing the book; and Kurka died leaving some of the orchestral score unfinished.

Hasek's novel is a venomous satire, aimed primarily at war and the army, and incidentally at all the institutions of Western Civilization that Hasek found time to attack. His hero, Schweik, is a sort of weak-minded Candide. Schweik's philosophy is that Might is Right, and that the proper attitude of a poor simpleton (like himself) towards authority is unquestioning acquiescence.

At the beginning of the book, Schweik (still a civilian) is arrested on the charge of high treason and examined by the police. "I admit everything," he says. "You've got to be strict. If you ain't strict, why where would you be." The police, of course, refuse to accept such a willing confession, and send Schweik off to an insane asylum. At the asylum the doctors think that Schweik is faking. This he denies: "I'm no malingerer, I'm feeble-minded, fair and square." So, Schweik is kicked out of the insane asylum. After several episodes in which he has a chance to show his love of authority, Schweik is set free. By this time, he has a bad case of rheumatism. But World War I is declared, and Schweik can't be dissuaded from jumping into his wheelchair and rolling off to join the army.

The progress of the novel is episodic, and the pattern is almost always pretty much the same: Schweik, already in trouble with the authorities, gets into still more trouble by his zeal to be cooperative. A novel of this sort is easy to turn into an opera, because episodes can be omitted altogether without doing violence to the unfolding of a plot.

Lewis Allan, in his libretto, has shown excellent sense about when to be faithful to the novel and when to depart from it. His 14 scenes draws material from about 20 episodes in the book, and the only full-scale interpolation in the body of the text is thoroughly justified by theatrical demands. Unfortunately, the unfinished novel provided no satisfactory conclusion to the work. Allan has supplied a home-spun epilogue of his own about how Plain Folks is Plain Folks the world over. For future performance, this epilogue and Allan's equally vacuous prologue ought to be expurgated. The ending would be weak, but not as weak as it is now.

The composer's problem was, of course, how to sustain a mordant joke over a period of a couple of hours. Kurka solved this problem by tying one hand behind his back: he dispensed with strings altogether, and scored his piece for a band of wind and percussion instruments. With no string section to deal with, Kurka had no temptation to write anything too rich. The question was, rather, how to introduce enough lyricism to keep the piece from being too dry. And for this, Kurka relied heavily on the voices—by pouring out melody in a simple, unaffected style. He also exploited the forms associated with German band music—the waltz, the polka, the march, etc.—in a most shameless and unselfconscious way.

HIS TREATMENT of these stereotypes, however, is not at all obvious. Aside from an occasional oom-pah (for authenticity of flavor) his stylistic influences seem to have been Copland, late Stravinsky and French neo-classicism in general. Some of the people I have talked with claim that his real influences were Central European—and that Kurt Weill and Krenek were doing the same sort of thing much better 30 years ago. My argument is that, though the tunes Weill and Krenek employed bear a family resemblance to those used by Kurka in *Schweik,* the internal logic—especially in point of harmonic usage—is essentially quite different. I found no harmonic originality in *Schweik,* but I did find a refreshing originality in Kurka's application of this sort of sonority to the requirements of the theatre.

Undoubtedly the most difficult thing about casting this opera was finding a proper Schweik—since the piece is really a one-man show. The choice was perfect: Norman Kelley not only has a fine tenor voice and a virtuosic command over it, but is a real comedian as well. Though the piece was done with inadequate sets and far too little rehearsal, it was well-paced and nicely pointed up by the director, Carmen Capalbo. Julius Rudel made his band sound like a precision instrument, and the supporting cast was almost uniformly good.

ROBERT EVETT

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

Jones in the *Texas Observer* that I assume he is your source. Some liberals may vote against Blakley, but not for the reasons given by Mr. Jones. To summarize Mr. Jones' reasons: he calls Mr. Blakley rich, benighted, and dumb.

That Mr. Blakley is rich, no one questions. So are Soapy Williams, Averell Harriman, Joe Clark, Robert Kerr, Theodore F. Green and others to whom possessions apparently have not been too great a burden upon free use of reason. Like Senator Kerr, Mr. Blakley made it all himself; but, unlike the Senator, he made it slowly without any single big "strike." Like many another individualist, however, he does not share many of the ideas prevalent among Wall Street big business and big banking. On monetary policy, he sounds more like Wright Patman than George Humphrey. On anti-trust policy, he sounds more like an old Granger than the new David Lilienthal. And, about the seven automobiles which Jones thought so significant: these include all the business cars of a $200,000,000" empire, most of which he has never driven or had driven for him. They include, incidentally, one Cadillac. As for the farm he owns "within the city limits of Dallas," Blakley has owned it for 20 years and rapidly expanding Dallas engulfed it just one year ago.

As for his being benighted: I suggest that you might send a reporter to talk with Dean R. G. Storey, Vice Chairman of the President's Civil Rights Commission, whose Law Institute of the Americas at Southern Methodist University would not exist without Blakley's aid. His assistance to a wide variety of other causes to which most unbenighted men would instantly give credit, were mostly made anonymously, but the recipients could tell you a lot more truth about the man than Lyman Jones, who, incidentally, used to work for Ralph Yarborough and is hardly an objective observer.

Mr. Blakley was not among the founders of "Freedom in Action": he is not even a member and has contributed not one cent. He did accept an invitation to speak before it as he has accepted many invitations.

On the other hand, he *has* been a member of the Board of Directors and a consistent financial supporter of the Dallas Council on World Affairs which has been under *as* consistent attack by the kind of people Mr. Jones would have us believe Mr. Blakley to be. Further, in his initial interview announcing himself as a candidate, he said of the "racial problem" that he is not a "pro-segregationist" though opposed to "forced integration."

As for the allegation of Democratic irregularity, there may be worse things to say of a man, but the picture here is also somewhat skewed. After all, Blakley had the choice of voting with the Republicans or Democrats to organize the Senate, a fairly crucial decision, and he went with the ex-officio "forces of righteousness."

There is one last quibble: I liked John Fisher's quip about the rich and the smart. I liked it as the last sentence in his Harper's piece and I still liked it as the last (unattributed) line in Lyman Jones' considerably later *New Republic* piece. But it jes' don't pertain to William Arvis Blakley. He may be rich. He may be conservative. But everyone who has had any contact with him, including those who will vote against him in the Texas primary, also agree he's pretty smart.

BRIAN GILBERT

Dallas, Texas

► *The Tender Trap*

SIRS:

WOULD Margaret Halsey or *The New Republic* or anybody at all care to mention that "The Tender Trap" is the title of a play written by Robert Paul Smith and myself and copyrighted in 1954?

MAX SHULMAN

Westport, Conn.

► *Stevenson for President?*

SIRS:

I AM writing this letter because I have a feeling that you share my well-nigh insupportable frustration about Adlai Stevenson.

This time he could win! Just a few of his great speeches woud activate the hundreds of Stevenson groups already formed and would renew hope and courage in millions of worried hearts. We *could* have for President the one man in America who has the intelligence, brilliance, knowledge, ability and dedication for the huge task of repairing the wreckage by Eisenhower and Dulles. We could have him, that is, if he could get the nod from those who control the Democratic Party.

He isn't going to get it, is he?

I feel like resigning from the human race. I honestly do! Can't anything be done?

ALMA CLINGER

Columbus, Ohio

" . . . Until some unmistakable portent comes along, such as Nixon's resigning his office and going to Africa as a missionary, common sense requires the hypothesis that he has not changed."

Beware the Tender Trap

Margaret Halsey's controversial New Republic article

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